

Trouble

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Summary: "You really think I was looking for Joey that night because I liked him more?" Mondler oneshot. Set in TOW The Truth About London.

Trouble

Okay, here I am, with another useless pointless plotless oneshot. This is set when Chandler returns to the apartment after he had stormed out on hearing Joey was Monica's "original choice". We never get to know what they talked about before coming down to the coffeehouse so here we go. :D

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><p>TROUBLE

* * *

><p>"Hey."<p>

He entered the living room again, a little apprehensively. Joey was right; he knew he had overreacted for almost no reason, and now if Monica wanted a payback with a bout of anger, he decided he would accept it. He ran his eyes around the room; there she was, sitting at the study beside the window, scribbling something.

She turned her head at his voice, but went back to scribbling in the notepad. He sighed, and then approached her. He glanced at it from behind her; she was scribbling what looked like a weirdly-proportioned ship " she was practically doing nothing. Clearly, she was mad at him.

"Mon, look, I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't have behaved that way " "

But then she surprisingly looked up and gave him a sincere smile.
"It's okay, really."

"Yeah?"

She hopped to her feet and pecked him on the cheek, "Really." He grinned, "I love you."

"It's just that," she hummed awkwardly, sauntering across the space, picked up the fridge rag and began to wipe it against the refrigerator, "It's just that ... I don't get it. What made you so mad?"

It was an easy answer. Only he didn't want to give it. "Oh, you wouldn't wanna know..."

"Why not?"

"Because it's embarrassing?" He raised his eyebrows jokingly.

She punched him lightly on the arm, chuckling. "Oh, c'mon."

"Wasn't it just a few days ago that we promised not to share secrets anymore?" He played some more hard-ball. He was kind of enjoying it.

She rolled his eyes at him, and then threw the rag aside, her arms akimbo. "What, did you kiss a guy called Monica and it still hurts?" Shots were fired.

"No, no, I'm pretty sure it was the one who doesn't know how to tell the time," he quipped. Monica glared and laughed all the same, nagging him as he fell against the sofa, "C'mon, Chandler. Please?"

"Hey, hey. That's not fair. You can't do the puppy-eyes attack," he mock-scolded.

"_Please_?"

He knew she knew he couldn't resist her for long. "Okay," he exhaled, "Well, it's not really embarrassing now that we're at this point â€" it's kinda stupid actually â€" the thing is, I had this crush on you."

Well, there went the secret he had thought he would carry to the grave. Having voluntarily crumbled the stud-like "fell in love with the girl he hooked up with" image, he fixed his gaze at the ceiling. She gave off a little giggle; it was a laugh of slight surprise â€" maybe with a pinch of curiosity; her eyes glazed against the light. There was this little wrinkle on her nose every time she laughed, and it made him fall in love with her all over again. "That was _all_ what you were to tell me?"

"Uhm," he scratched the back of his head, sensing the red patches across his cheeks, "So you know, that night wasn't just a booty call for me," Monica raised her eyebrows alarmingly at the word, and he snickered, "_the most romantic escapade of making love_ for me," and as she laughed again, he continued.

"When you came that night, I thought what we had meant something to you too."

She pursed her lips together, looking away. "Oh."

He waited if she had more to her response. After a little while, she stammered, "Um, since when?"

"Huh?"

"Since when did you have a crush on me?"

"Since forever."

"Since Thanksgiving-at-my-house forever?"

"Uh, wouldn't go that far."

"Since living-next-door forever?"

"Not really sure."

"Since Alan-the-awesome forever?"

"I don't know. Maybe if-worst-comes-to-worst-I'll-be-your-boyfriend forever?"

"Ahhh." She laughed again, "I thought you were kidding!"

"Well, I thought I was kidding too. And then, suddenly I felt I wasn't. Of course I couldn't have asked you again â€" you shot me down fifteen times in two days. That must be worth of a record."

"God, I can't believe this," if he wasn't wrong, she looked a little teary, "You're so sweet."

"But I guess you liked Joey more back then, so there's that," he uttered, carefully casual, "But that's all a ghost from the past. We're getting married is all that matters." And he kissed her forehead to tell he was really okay; surprisingly, Monica wasn't smiling this time, she was staring back intently.

"You really think I was looking for Joey that night because I liked him more? Chandler â€" "

"Look, I know you probably didn't have a thing for him or anything, it was just because he was a ladies' man and..."

"Chandler, what you just said was why I had chosen Joey that night."

"What?"

She snuggled up to him, playing with his fingers. It was her way of not making eye contact. "I told you. I was drunk and stupid and wanted something meaningless. I couldn't have knocked on your door and ask for it â€" and flip all we had in the air."

He had to press his lips together really hard to suppress the smile creeping up on his face. He'd let her finish the story first.

"Really?"

"Yeah," she nodded, "to think about it, we're long-time buddies."

"That we are."

"You were my brother's best friend, then my ex's best friend, and then my best friend â€" the thing is, the common thread was it was you who was there all this while. Do you remember the time when Phoebe moved out?"

He racked his memory. He remembered it quite well; he had come looking for a beer and Monica was trotting back to her room from a bath, depressed. "Yeah."

"Do you realise how many times you've made me feel insanely better?"

"Well, in my defence, you were totally oblivious to my offer of making babies."

"Hey, in my defence, I was used to not taking you seriously!" she gave off another little laugh, "The point is, that night, I was like, I can't sleep with Chandler. I can't even ask him. It's _Chandler_. You know, _Chandler_."

Monica's words tugged at the old funny banter between them back at the beach house at Montauk. He chuckled, "Yeah, I remember that."

"Because I knew if I sleep with Chandler, I'll be in trouble."

"So, what changed your mind?"

"I thought maybe Chandler was worth the trouble."

He gazed into her bright blue eyes, so close he could feel her breath on his face. "What trouble?"

She gave him a lopsided grin, and pounced on him, her lips crashing on his. He slid his arm around her, grabbing her waist, his heart throbbing as she grazed her fingers through his hair. She was honeydew and strawberries. You'd kiss her and you'd lose track of the time. You'd kiss her and you wouldn't care for all it mattered. You'd kiss her and all you could think was you never want to let her go.

She playfully pulled apart, tucked her hair behind the ear and made her way back to the refrigerator, blushed and grinning. Then she threw him a matter-of-fact glance. "_This_ trouble."

"Ahhh."

She rolled her eyes at the witty mimicry, and reached the back of the door to pull her jacket off the hook. "Wanna get some coffee?"

Chandler peeped from behind the couch. "Hey, Mon, one last question."

"Okay?"

"There's a nuclear holocaust. I'm the last man on earth. Would you go out with me?"

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><p>AAAAaaand there you go. Please review!

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file.